Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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A FLOWER MAIDEN.

BY EMILIE POULSSON.

WANT to make a flower-girl?
I will tell you how:
Palest daffodils for hair,
Lilies for the brow;
Dewy pansies for the eyes
(Ere the sparkle goes),
Then we'll pinch a rosebud white
For the dainty nose.
Full-blown roses for the cheeks
Of a lovely pink,
And carnations for the lips,
Are the best, I think.
Apple-blossoms satin-smooth
Form a pretty chin;
Then arbutus lay with care
All the spaces in.
There! our flower-girl is done!
Sweet enough to kiss!
What? You say it's little *Ruth?*
Bless me, so it is!

ROBBIE'S UNEXPECTED EDUCATION.

BY MRS. H. M. W. HILL.

"IT is a positive fact, Mrs. Noil, that your husband cannot live in this cold climate, and the sooner you find a permanent home in the South the better," said the trusted family physician, as fitting his cap close over his ears and raising his coat collar he muttered, "Terribly sharp blast," and with a "Good-morning," passed out the hall door and away down the icy street.

That "good-morning" seemed a mockery, for terribly sharp as was the wind, far sharper came the doctor's words to those whom he addressed.

"Why, mother," exclaimed Robert, the elder son, "the doctor does not mean that we shall leave Chicago for always, and live in the South the entire year?"

"That is exactly what he means, my son, and not only the next year, but many years."

"Hurrah for oranges and bananas, roses and magnolias! I'm agreed," chimed in Arthur, the youngest boy. "Jacksonville, Charleston—there are sights of lovely places in the sunny South."

"I fear you will see very little of fruits, flowers, or beauty where we must go," quietly replied the mother. "Your father and I have thoroughly discussed the matter. We must live on a little farm or place where he can be out-of-doors all of the time and have something to interest him. Since he went out of business last winter we have drawn heavily upon his little capital. He is ill, terribly discouraged, and fearful of expenditures, and will not listen to our going to any of the towns, but to his cousin Amos's place, where the expense will be almost nothing."

"You don't mean," interrupted Robert, "that we are all to go to that outlandish place, and we boys to give up our school and dig potatoes for a living?"

"Just what I do mean, my dear Robbie; there is no alternative. Your father has set his heart upon it, and he is too dispirited to be opposed in it."

"Let me stay here with Uncle John then, and go to school."

"Neither of us would consent to that, and mother will want her boys to comfort her," said Mrs. Noil, tenderly.

"We'll have a good time some way, we can study nights," said Arthur, hopefully.

"Yes, you may say study nights, with your little easy books, but think of me, only one year more of high school, and then I was to enter the university. O I can't, I wont do it!" said Robert, impulsively, as he rushed to his own room to give way to this, his first great sorrow.

The pleasant, cheery, and even elegant look of his apartment only intensified his grief, and pitching his school-books into a corner, and his cap and slippers after them, he buried his face in a pillow, and gave vent to his aggrieved feelings.

"It is too awfully awful for me, the leader of our set, to give up my school and tend a sheep-fold. Tom Kent, Jim Duke, and all of our clique will be distinguished men, bank presidents, lawyers, and may be senators, and I will be driving an ox-cart. Yes, Mister Bob Noil," he exclaimed, "I think I see you with an old sun-burned straw hat, pants tucked in your boots, on horseback, taking a grist to mill, while the other boys will be delivering orations, or flirting with the pretty girls. I vow that I wont stay there over a year any way, if the others do."

"Robert, Robert," said a still small voice within his soul, and he arose, put aside the window drapery, and looked out.

Great snow-banks lay heaped upon the roofs, and grimy drifts were piled along the streets, while a thick grayish ice covered the lake as far out as the eye could reach. It had been an unusually dreary and desolate winter, and this the first day of spring was the dreariest of all the drear days that had preceded it.

"The desolation of the Arctic regions almost. It never seemed quite so bad before, for I never thought how it must look to one who really thinks about it, and poor father I know does not do any thing else but watch the snow and shiver at the wind."

His musings were here interrupted by Arthur, who entered saying,

"Father says it will be a fine thing for us boys, we will grow up so much stronger, and if it takes a little of the starch out of us it wont matter, for we have a good many years before us and he hasn't, and I think so too; so you wont hear me growl any."

Mr. Noil's cousin Amos had resided in Georgia for many years on an out-of-the-way farm, and there Mr. Noil had visited him four years previously, and his ludicrous descriptions of the people and their habits had placed before his family a very uninviting picture. But there was no alternative. They had neither time, knowledge, nor means to seek another location. Cousin Amos knew every body living in the country, and the good soul would be delighted to make arrangements for them. Therefore Cousin Amos was instructed to rent for them a small place, as near to town as he could find one, where they could raise fruit and sheep, and get the best of

water and air. They made no stipulation as to neighbors, for really they had no thoughts of being neighborly.

In a very short time word was returned to them that they had applied "just in the nick of time, a neighbor man was going to Texas," and he, Cousin Amos, was going to buy his little place of thirty acres, and they might come down and live on it rent free one year, and if then they wanted to buy it they could do so. "And by the way," he added, "send along ahead your bedstead, tables, and housekeepin' traps, and we'll fix 'em up for ye, so it will seem kinder home-like when ye come."

"Home-like," sighed Mrs. Noil, with an added groan, as she selected the very plainest furnishings from her attic and basement, and attended to their being ticketed and marked "Rayville, Georgia," and then sat down, and, I am afraid, indulged in a good crying spell as she thought of all her own people, her very dear friends, her church, all to be parted from, and then lingered sadly in thought upon the changed lot of her darling boys.

But she was a true woman, and by all means in her power hastened on the day of their departure, inasmuch as every day's delay told upon the querulous invalid who was longing so impatiently for summer skies.

"Let us look forward, not backward," she said, cheerily, one day; "your father will, I hope, grow to be so well and happy that we shall miss our other friends but very little."

"Chickens and calves, peanuts and peaches, and mother to help us in our studies at night, we'll be free and independent fellows, I can tell you, and jolly ones too," said Arthur.

"Three miles to town, they say it is," said Robert. "I have heard father describe the town, hogs running in the street, a barn of a school-house they call a seminary, and higgledypiggledy stores, with old, long, dilapidated, whittled benches in front of them filled with good-for-nothing, abominable loafers. Did ever such trouble come to any family—that is, I mean to well brought up folks like us?"

Mr. Noil spoke his adieus absently and hurriedly, Mrs. Noil apparently cheerfully; but Robert, proud and stirred in his very soul, dared not risk bidding all of his friends goodbye, lest he should be overcome and seem unmanly. Arthur, however, passed not by any of his mates, but replied good-naturedly to their bantering "that they might be assured that his strawberries and his chickens should be the earliest, and his peaches the biggest, of any in the market."

"I would not mind it quite so much, Arthur," said Robert, as they whizzed along on their journey, "if father would only say, even once, 'It is too bad for you boys to leave all of your advantages and mates, and go down among the sandhillers;' but you see he hasn't said that, it is all 'I am sick and must go, so pack up and we'll be off.' He groans over his cough and his aches; or if he does think of any thing else, it is what fruit or what grain he shall raise."

"Rob, Rob, you are a wicked boy to talk so, and to want to be pitied. I guess if you had got about down the bank to Death's river, you would scramble back if you could, and not think much about whether other folks had or had not roses to pick. Your business would be to get yourself on to another road."

"Well, any way," rejoined Rob, "it's pretty near mean, when a fellow is giving up every thing, that nobody says as much as 'Thank you' to him."

Strange sights began to greet them on their way. The great square comfortable farm-houses and enormous barns with snow-laden roofs disappeared, and the rambling wood-houses and log-cabins with great chimneys on the outside appeared, and on the second day the pastures were looking green and the hillsides were dotted with cows and sheep.

Long hours they still rode on, home grew farther away, the scenes grew more unfamiliar, and the fields grew greener, and the foliage more and more developed, until they reached the little station nearest their new home, and there Cousin Amos stood waiting to receive them.

"This air and this sunshine give me a new life," said the invalid as he was assisted from the train into the large wagon which, with four chairs placed in it for the family and a stool for Cousin Amos, the driver, awaited them. "Cousin, I am delighted with this country, it seems so easy to breathe here."

"What is the use of any body breathing or living in such a country as this? What does it amount to? Might as well be an animal," were the thoughts that unbidden rose within Robert's soul, for the reality was worse than he had pictured it. He saw naught but steep hills with gullied roads, the clumsy wagon covered with reddish clay, a few lolling, staring darkies standing about, and an ugly pair of mules. But a sight of his father's really bright face checked his thoughts, and he prepared to enjoy the three miles' ride with all the philosophy he could muster.

"You'll see," said the delighted loquacious Cousin Amos, "that your house is no great shakes of a house; it'll need right smart fixin' up to make it grand enough for ye, but ye can do that when ye git ready. My black fellows and I—yes, and mammy too—set up your things as well as we could. I'd have taken you to my house, but we hadn't many spare beds, and ye said ye wanted to go to your own house if ye could, so mammy brought over her old cook, and lots of eatables from hum, and I reckon you'll find a good supper and every thing in shape, and mammy there to welcome ye in the bargain."

Our travelers found it all as he had said, hospitality could go no further, for ere long, at night-fall, their entertainers departed, leaving them to rest and to become accustomed to their strange surroundings.

Mr. Noil, exhausted, easily fell asleep; not so with the others. Robert and Arthur with the feeble light of a tallow-candle climbed the narrow stair-way boarded up on both sides without baluster rail, and looked about their low ceiled, unpapered, unplastered room. There was neither closet nor wardrobe wherein Robert could hang with scrupulous care as was his wont his neatly-fitting, cherished clothes. He wished to bathe; no warm water as usual sprang from silver faucet to marble bowl, but a pail of water in the yard with tin basin and cup stood ready to minister to his necessities. He attempted to raise the window, but the clumsy sash, having neither cord nor weight to facilitate its upgoing or fastening, fell with force upon his fingers.

"Whew, how that hurt! What an old shanty this is! I'll never stay here!" and giving way to his emotion and homesickness, he threw himself upon his bed and wept, and, I am sorry to say, kicked vigorously the unoffending straw bed.

But it was not long that he was thus occupied, for, through the thin board partitions and floors which heightened every sound, he heard the choking sobs and suppressed sighs of his poor mother.

"True enough," he exclaimed, "there is my dear, lovely mother. What must she be suffering? She has left all of her people living in such nice style, and has come here to this hut of a house to take care of a sick man. Bob Noil, what do you think of yourself? You coward, with all the world before you, lots of years likely, strong arms, and a good head, and you grumbling. For shame! Why don't you comfort your mother? You are different stuff from what heroes, or even decent boys, are made of. Yes, go and comfort her—that is what I will do," and in a moment more his strong arms were around her with the exclamation, "My blessed mother!" and what else he said we will not tell—for some of the boys who are reading this story know exactly. Suffice it to say, the courage and hope which came into her face made her look like another being.

On the following morning the warm brooding sunshine lay over all the fields and hills when the Noil family arose in response to a call for breakfast from the colored woman that Cousin Amos's wife had left with them. Mrs. Noil looked worn, but cheerful, and the invalid seemed eager to get out into the life-giving air.

"I well remember," said Mrs. Noil, "that my mother used

to tell us if we were unhappy or discontented, to count our mercies, to mark them down, and we would be astonished to see how many we had. And now this is what we must all do: we'll begin this morning, and I expect ere long we will have quite a respectable list."

"O that is jolly! That is what I'll do, keep the tally," said Arthur. "I'll make a mark every time you say so, and I'll take this long smooth board that runs the whole length of this porch for my record book."

"Well, put down as a good big mercy this porch, on my account," said Mr. Noil, as Robert placed for him their only arm-chair on the low porch that skirted the east end of the house, and he delightedly sat down. "This porch, open to the morning sunshine, will do more for me than the entire contents of a drug-store, so score a big mark for me, please."

The boys forthwith started on an exploring expedition to the barn, the corn-bin, and the dilapidated hen-house. There was a cow and a calf awaiting their coming, and looking wonderingly at them, and there were ever so many chickens of various sizes all clamoring to be fed.

"There, now I remember," said Arthur, "Cousin Amos did say, when he was driving us over here, that he had bought the cow and chickens that were here, as he knew that we must have some. I must make at least five marks on the score," added he; and so they went on, and by the time they returned to the house they were in the best of spirits.

It was well near noon when Cousin Amos's long-eared team was seen mounting the hills. After a cheery greeting he said,

"I am going to town to get your boxes and trunks, so give me a list of the store things ye want, in the provender line, and I'll bring them up too."

"We have in our boxes," said Mrs. Noil, "a very good supply of groceries, but if you please bring up a sack of flour, one of meal, and also a nice juicy steak, for Mr. Noil can't do without that."

"I'll have to go further than town to get a steak, madame," he replied. "There's old Abe Sloan does in the winter and early spring kill a critter once in a week or two, and sells it out; he mought have some now, but it aint like your nice juicy city meat though. You'll have to get your fresh meat running on chicken legs."

"Well, whatever you get," said Robert, "get some kerosene for our student-lamp, for that penny-dip last night gave me the blues of the deepest dye."

Busy and happy were the Noil family that evening as they unpacked the trunks and boxes that contained many of the conveniences and comforts of their former handsome home, and yet the adjustment of some of these ornamental articles to the rough walls and unpainted pine shelves seemed very difficult and sad.

"I tell you, mother," said Arthur, "we'll take that big box and pack away all these elegantly bound books, the Japanese plaques, satin fixings, and such things, and keep them nice for the new house we'll have some of these days."

"Good," said Robert, "we'll feel that they are relics of former grandeur, and then we will never feel that they are lowered or disgraced by these plebeian, poverty-stricken associations. We'll label the box 'Mrs. J. Bingham Noil's Household Lares.'"

The days went on and on. Mr. Noil improved in health surprisingly, and essayed to direct in the making of the garden and sowing of the fields, but he was inexperienced, and skilled labor not being known in the South, the blacks that he hired to come for a day or two at a time seemingly knowing but little except to prop themselves against the fence and discourse volubly of what ought to be done, the farming did not greatly prosper. The boys, actuated by a real desire to assist, laid aside their coats, put on gloves with the finger ends snipped off, and did the best they could; but Mr. Noil became quite discouraged, as he saw the day was far off when they would delight themselves with green peas, corn, and tomatoes fresh from their own garden plot.

Their cook resented the idea of being in any sense a house-maid, or performing any duty not directly connected with her sauce-pan and coffee-pot, and Mrs. Noil became weary and worn. When things were at this stage Cousin Amos appeared one day with beaming face.

"I reckon ye'll be glad of what I have to tell ye now," said he. "I've done gone and got Peter and his wife Betsy, the best workin' niggers in their places ye ever see. I'll fix up the corn-house for them to-day; they'll live there out of your way, and just here whenever you want 'em. They'll be around in the mornin', and I'll have their quarters all fixed up to-day, so you'll be in clover once more."

"How thankful I am to you!" said Mrs. Noil.

"Mother," said Arthur, "I'll make a big mark for you in my board ledger, sha'n't I, or shall I put down ten?"

The great relief to Mrs. Noil came not a moment too soon, for the overtaxed mother was taken ill, and kept her bed for several days. This came as an unthought-of, startling revelation to the family. Very little had they realized their great dependence upon her—what would life be to them without her pleasant words and loving ministrations. And when, nearly recovered, she took her place among them, Arthur, leaning over her chair, slipped his hand in hers and whispered,

"I feel, mother, as if I ought to write a hundred marks for mercies."

September came; the belief and promise of added strength had been more than fulfilled to all of the family, and Mr. Noil with sincere pleasure purchased each of the boys a pony that they might ride to the seminary in the town.

With what joy they mounted and galloped away. School again! What delightful memories and pleasant anticipations were connected with that word! The slow gait of the ponies and the heavy step of the boys as they came into the house in the evening prepared the eager mother to hear what Rob had to say as he dropped down upon a stool beside her.

"Why, mother, it isn't like a school-house at all; it is nearer like a barn. The plastering is broken in ever so many places, and it all looks grimmy, the wood-work is all scratched and written over, there is a tremendous old red, rusty stove, seats like benches, with a strip for a back, and such a set of clod-hoppers."

"Well, my son," replied his mother, "you did not expect to find your former steam-heated building, with easy seats, polished desks fitted with ink-wells, and every convenience, did you?"

"No, I don't know as I really did, but I never imagined a school-building so forlorn. Really I can't go there any more."

Mrs. Noil was silent for a few moments, then she said,

"My boy, I am afraid you did not try our rule. Could you not find any thing to be thankful for? Were there no mercies to count?"

"I don't believe I did look at it that way, at all, I was *so* awfully disappointed; but really, I'll try now—yes, let's see, there was a fellow there with one eye, and one had a crooked leg, and scarcely any of them looked as if they had ever had any bringing up. Yes, yes, I'm wonderfully thankful that I, Robert Jessup Noil, have had a capital bringing up by parents that, besides being so good, know something. Why didn't I think of that before? I wont forget it again."

Late in November, the owner of the most handsome and modern house near them died suddenly, and the place was offered for sale. It had been an object of admiration and envy to the boys as they daily passed it on their way to school.

"If we only had such a place to live in I should be content," said Robert.

"What is the use of being otherwise than content if you can't have it? It is a clear willful waste of temper and good feeling," replied Arthur.

Soon after this two letters which caused a great commotion were received by the family. A very dear friend of Mr. and Mrs. Noil—a Mr. West—wrote that the cool winds were affecting his wife and oldest daughter very unfavorably and alarmingly, and they had definitely decided to remove South.

"Please look out and secure, if possible, for us an unpretentious home near your own, and we will be happy," wrote these prized old-time friends.

A few days later there came a letter from Mrs. Noil's father inclosing a check for two thousand dollars, and saying, "Accept this amount toward making your present home more comfortable or purchasing a better one. Notify us when you have completed your arrangements, for your mother and myself design making you a long visit this winter."

"Our happiness is complete," exclaimed Arthur, and in his delight filled his record board to the farthest end with joy marks. The purchase of and removal to the coveted home was speedily effected, and the dear friends, to the delight of all, domiciled in the quondam Noil homestead.

"Our life was so happily changed by the removal to the South," wrote Robert, a year later, to one of his old school-fellows. "Father has his former sunny nature. Nowhere will you find a more genial and happy man, and one more thoughtful for his family. Mother is beautiful, and happy as a young girl, and Arthur and I are studying with a will. Mr. West has organized a Sunday-school in the village, or rather revivified one, and its success is remarkable. I am its honorable and hard-working secretary, and Arthur teaches an admiring class of little boys. I have received and am receiving a very unexpected and once undesired education in many directions, but the total I know will be satisfactory. In our last preparatory school year father is to assist the professor, so we have nothing to fear scholastically, and I warn you city boys that you must look out for your laurels, for this compulsory Southern education has given us more common sense, better health, and greater wealth, and the former fastidious Master Robert has become a wide-awake, enthusiastic fellow at yours and the world's service."

CLIMBING UP THE HILL.

Never look behind, boys,
  Up and on the way!
Time enough for that, boys,
  On some future day.
Though the way be long, boys,
  Fight it with a will;
Never stop to look behind
  When climbing up a hill.

First be sure you're right, boys,
  Then with courage strong
Strap your pack upon your back,
  And tug, tug along;
Better let the lag-lout
  Fill the lower bill,
And strike the farther stake-pole
  Higher up the hill.

Trudge is a slow horse, boys,
  Made to pull a load,
But in the end will give the dust
  To racers on the road.
When you're near the top, boys,
  Of the rugged way,
Do not stop to blow your horn,
  But climb, climb away.

Shoot above the crowd, boys,
  Brace yourselves and go!
Let the plodding land-pad
  Hoe the easy row.
Success is at the top, boys,
  Waiting there until
Brains and pluck and self-respect
  Have mounted up the hill.

—*James W. Riley.*

A HUGUENOT HERO.

BY REV. R. H. HOWARD.

When Louis XIV., that unmitigated scourge of the seventeenth century, fully intent on breaking the power of the rising Protestant cause in France, published in 1685—just two hundred years ago—his infamous Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, letting loose thus upon an inoffensive and unsuspecting population the trained and blood-thirsty minions of the Romish hierarchy, he adopted a measure which proved only too effectual for his purpose. In consequence of this terrible procedure not less than five hundred thousand Protestant Huguenots, including much of the very best blood of the land, turned their backs upon home and fatherland and took refuge, as best they could, in foreign countries.

Succeeding thus but too well in draining his dominions of their noblest and most patriotic population, Louis, at length, with a view to arresting this disastrous exodus, and yet without at the same time withdrawing or relaxing the hand of persecution, issued edicts imposing the severest penalties on all those found attempting to escape from the country. The more effectually to enforce these edicts, troops were quartered on Protestant districts and billeted especially on such as were suspected of heresy. As another has well said, "Was ever a device more Satanic, alike for its cunning and its cruelty, than this systematic quartering of a brutal soldiery upon the Huguenot homes until the families were either broken up or subdued into a seeming submission?" Three courses presented themselves, recantation, exile, or extermination. No wonder hundreds of thousands escaped to other lands, through incredible hardships, and often in an almost miraculous way. Multitudes doubtless acquiesced, though every one knew full well it was only in external observances. Madame de Maintenon, the king's favorite mistress, and who, more than any other one person, probably instigated the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, was accustomed, we are told, in view of this outward and insincere conformity to popery on the part of these yielding Protestants, to console herself by saying, "The children will be Catholics, if the fathers are hypocrites."

During this "dragooning period," as it was called, twenty-two soldiers were at one time quartered upon the family of a widow in the Province of Pericord. The latter, refusing to sign a prescribed form of abjuration, was immediately and pitilessly plundered of all she possessed. At length, and on the express condition that her four children should remain unmolested, she was induced to sign, obstinately persisting, however, in adding to her signature the words, "compelled by fear." This being considered virtually a breach of her promise, her children were straightway apprehended and confined in prisons or convents. One of these, named Amadeus, the eldest, a lad of eighteen years, with a sagacity and resolution quite beyond his years, contrived and carried into successful execution a plan for escape. Traveling on by-roads and along unfrequented thoroughfares, and much of the time under the friendly cover of night, after many ingenious and hair-breadth escapes he succeeded in gaining the frontier and embarking for Holland.

At the last moment, however, through some inadvertence on his part, he was suspected and arrested as a fugitive. Brought forthwith before the governor of the province for trial, the latter feeling not a little compassion for the heroic young heretic, tried kindly, though in vain, to persuade him to abjure, as otherwise he must inevitably be condemned for life to the galleys. Several priests interposed, using every argument to convert him, offering bribes withal; one going so far as to promise on condition of his submission to procure for him an advantageous matrimonial alliance, assuring him that he knew of a beautiful lady with an ample fortune who would accept him as her husband as soon as ever he should prove himself a truly converted son of the Church. The captive and moneyless youth, not thus to be bought or cajoled, proudly spurned the proffer of liberty and emolument on any such

dishonorable terms, heroically confronting the hardships and privations he knew only too well his refusal must involve.

He was now manacled, clad in convict's garb, and required with others to take up his long and wearisome march to the sea. By night he lodged in noisome dungeons, by day he was compelled continually to associate with the most abandoned and degraded. With a chain about his neck, and with bruised and bleeding feet, abjectly subject to the most brutal and tyrannical keepers, our young Amadeus, and all for the sake of a good conscience, enters upon his painful pilgrimage to the distant galleys.

Not wholly unrelieved by cheering features was this dreary journey. Benefactions were, from time to time, quite freely bestowed upon the prisoners by the compassionate inhabitants of the several cities through which they passed. Not unnaturally under the circumstances, Amadeus more especially attracted attention and awakened interest. His commanding and noticeable figure, noble bearing, and fine features won for him the tender and admiring regard, particularly of the women, who, true to the generous instincts of their nature, were not slow in many instances to manifest on his behalf the deepest and sincerest sympathy. At one place, especially, a beautiful young girl approached him and, learning that his only crime was heresy, tendered him, with every evidence of the most earnest and affectionate esteem, a rosary with a crucifix attached. The young man, moved by this simple and manifestly unaffected demonstration of regard, would gladly have accepted this gift as a token of the disinterested regard of this tender-hearted and beautiful maiden; but fearing lest the act would be construed as a sign of concession or submission touching the matter of his faith, he heroically declined it, yet with many and fervent expressions of gratitude for this manifestation of the young lady's kindness. That evening this same young woman again sought the prison of the young Huguenot, this time bringing with her a priest, declaring that her object was the conversion and salvation, in more senses than one, of this beautiful but obstinate heretic.

"Once during the interview," said Amadeus, "I became faint from the stress and urgency of my emotions. I was upon the point of yielding. I seized and pressed the soft and delicate hand of the young lady to my lips. Again and again I tried to release it. I could not."

The attending priest meantime perceiving in this a yielding spirit, and promptly availing himself of this moment of supreme weakness as his golden opportunity, eagerly whispered in the young man's ear:

"*Renounce now your heresy and embrace the true religion*, and that hand is yours for all eternity."

This was, indeed, a crucial moment. More bitter, more cruel, by far was the trial to which the young man was hereby subjected than any hitherto known. On the side of reason, conscience, patriotism, and religion he had already been assailed, and been found invincible. Now, not simply self-interest, but the *heart*—not simply worldly good, but beauty and affection—pleaded powerfully for the yielding of a paltry scruple of conscience. God, however, stood by our hero, as aforetime, in like fearful crises, he had stood by prophets and apostles, and delivered him—gave him the fortitude and firmness necessary in this dark and lonely struggle to resist even this supreme temptation and to remain loyal to his principles.

"For eternity," he murmured. "No!" he exclaimed, with new and reviving resolution. "No! it might be mine for this life, but an eternity of misery would be the price I would pay for this gift. No. Let me die, if necessary, a galley-slave, at peace with my own conscience and with my God, rather than purchase liberty and love at such a price."

The beautiful vision has vanished. Once more Amadeus finds himself all alone in his dreary dungeon. True, as he hears his prison door closing sullenly on him for the night, and he realizes that that sweet, sorrowful face that a moment before was beaming so tenderly and lovingly upon him was now shut out from him forever, he sinks down and for a moment weeps in very bitterness. Soon, however, his agony yields to calmness, to peaceful slumber, to dreams. He thought himself to be dying. "God save me!" he cried. Angels, as he thought, came to conduct him to the realms of bliss. And now, strangely, yet how blessedly, brightest and serenest of them all shone the face of the sweet Catholic girl to whom he had just bidden a last and tearful adieu. Her presence seemed to disperse all his gloom, instantly making his prison walls glow with heavenly light. Approaching his hard, uncomfortable couch, she seemed to bend over him, and raising the hand he had just forever resigned, in a voice so soft and silvery, she said:

"This, though lost to you for time, yet by your fidelity to your conscience you have won for eternity."

Time passes. Years of hardship follow. Meanwhile, often during the long and dreary period of his ensuing captivity,* by night and by day, when chained to his galley-oar, bending beneath the burden of wearisome toil, groaning under the brutalities of hard-hearted task-masters, or when his righteous soul was vexed by the filthy conversation or vulgar songs of his associates, this ardent, simple-minded, devoted youth, dwelling quite apart from his debasing, disheartening associations, was comforted by the vision of this same glorious face, while he seemed yet once and again to hear that same sweet voice saying, "*Lost for time, but won for eternity.*"

NO.†

A Serial Story.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER XIII.

It befell Jack, however, as it does all of us, to find out that dreams, even in their fulfillment, are not the same with realities. Mr. Gray found for him a respectable boarding-place, where he had a little attic chamber, a narrow bed, one chair, and a table that served as washstand, with a single gas-burner beside the small mirror. There was a window close to the floor, looking out on a vast extent of roofs and chimneys, and Jack, used to the sight of trees, hills, and the wide sky with its shifting panorama of cloud and sun, moon and stars, felt much like a man in prison, but he had courage, and he resolved not to complain.

In the day he had enough to think of; his work was not all at the desk, he had some errands to do, such as always fall to the "boy" of a bank. The other clerks laughed at him because he was "green," as they said, but Jack always remembered what his mother had said, that "you must fight fire with fire," and carried out the laugh with such good-tempered fun that

* Concerning the subsequent fortunes of our hero, one whose memory and name surely are eminently deserving of being commemorated in song, a certain writer states: "By reason of his intelligence and integrity this young man was offered the position of keeper of the supplies, which exempted him from labor at the oar. But he relinquished it in favor of another Huguenot, an old and feeble man, and returned to his torture and his vile companions. In an engagement with an English frigate he was the only survivor of eighteen who occupied three benches, and was himself severely mutilated.

"The story of the woes of this noble young confessor as he and his companions were transferred from the galleys of Dunkirk to those of Marseilles; marched across the country on foot for three hundred miles with shackles about their necks; confined in a horrible prison in Paris, so chained in ranks that they could neither stand nor lie down; in winter chained upon the wharves with neither fire nor blankets; obliged to exhibit themselves in all sorts of ridiculous attitudes and degrading antics for the amusement of visitors—all this is too painful to be recapitulated, if we had the time. More fortunate than most of his brethren, Amadée, with a few others, was released by the intercession of Queen Anne of England, on condition of quitting France. They repaired to Geneva, where they were received with joy and tenderness, and we leave them kneeling at sunset by the grave of John Calvin."

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they soon found it was of no use to try chaffing a boy who was quite ready to fall in with their teasing on his own account.

"Here, Greeny," called out Frank Sherman, the clerk just promoted above Jack. "Take this note over to Dyer & Dunning and ask them what they know about the drawer."

"Yes, sir, d'rec'ly, sir; comin', sir. Don't be 'fraid my color'll rub off on the paper, sir; dyed in the wool ye know, grass-green, trooly rooral," rattled off Jack with a twinkle in the eye, quite irresistible to Frank, who had a quick sense of humor.

The teller was rather a pompous youth who wore long mustaches waxed to a point, and clothes much too elegant for his position; but then he was the only son of a bank president who had retired from all other business, and Augustus Jones was here merely to learn the routine of banking so he could step into his father's position at some possible future time.

Meanwhile Augustus magnified his office, and was far more lofty in his manners than either of the higher officials.

"Here, you young fellaw," he called to Jack, after a few weeks' acquaintance, "you take these bills ovaw to the First Bank; now don't strew 'em all ovaw the street, or lay 'em down to play mawbles."

"Dear me!" answered Jack. "I guess I'd better take a hack and a policeman; I'm so fresh; reg'lar Paris green, good for pertaters and sech."

"You shut up," said Augustus, forgetting his drawl in his anger.

Jack certainly was impertinent, but he had shut up Mr. Jones's mouth effectually, and he considered that he had acted in self-defense, and could not chose his weapons. Our country boy was by no means perfect, by no means a Christian gentleman as yet.

One day he was astonished to see in a brisk young clerk coming in from another bank his old acquaintance in Mr. Gilbert's store, Lewis Denning.

"Hello! you here?" said Lewis, quite as much surprised as Jack.

"Seems as if I was," laughed Jack.

"Where do you put up?" inquired Lewis.

"Hundred seventy-six Green street, sky-parlor, left-hand door, top of fourth staircase, *sic itur ad astra*," said Jack, airing a bit of school Latin, which was literally a dead language to Lewis.

"Well, I should think you would be sick of it. Say, what do you do evenings?"

"Various things," answered Jack, coolly.

This was perfectly true. Like a thousand other boys in the city he had no place but his own room wherein to spend his evenings. Mr. Gray had fully intended to look after him, but a financial crisis had kept him too busy and too anxious for these first two months to give him time for any attention or kindness to his new clerk; and Jack had rather a lonely time after his supper always. Sometimes he wrote to his mother or his sisters, now and then to Will Boyd, but letter-writing was not really a pleasure to him; sometimes he read the newspaper of the day before, borrowed from Mrs. Daw, who was his landlady; sometimes he laboriously sewed on his dangling buttons, glad enough that his mother had taught him to sew when he was a mere child, at least enough to do these small things for himself now; sometimes he wandered out in the streets in the early part of the evening, before the stores closed, and amused himself with the various gay and beautiful exhibitions in their windows, but this amusement soon grew tedious.

Frank Sherman had a taste for music, and whenever the cashier stepped into the directors' room, or at noon, or night, was always singing in his rough boy's voice some scrap of opera music, much to Jack's amusement, for a voice that skips from one note to another, half the scale apart, without the mortified singer's intent or consent, is funny to hear. Many a time Frank had urged Jack to go to the opera house with him, but a sturdy "Can't afford it" was always the reply. And indeed it was no effort to give this answer, for Jack had no special taste for music, and was quite as much edified by the hand-organ of a street musician as he would have been by the best orchestra or the most celebrated singer. Now Lewis Denning and Frank had met often before the former recognized in Jack an old acquaintance; they both frequented places of amusement far more than was good for them, and spent more money than was best for their morals or their purses in this way; and naturally when Frank saw that Lewis knew Jack he questioned him about this new comrade, and the fact that Jack had once driven a butcher's cart amused Frank mightily. One day he came in from dinner and found Jack there before him.

"Look here!" said he, "there's a fellow wants you down at the door; on business, I guess—wants to offer you a better situation, I rather think."

Jack hoped it was somebody from home, and went with an eager face to Mr. Gray for leave of a few minutes' absence. He hurried out, seized his cap, and flew down the bank steps, but no one was there; a butcher's cart stood by the curb-stone, its driver out in the street apparently bargaining for a load of cabbages with an old farmer. Jack looked around him, quite puzzled, but presently recalled the mischief in Frank's eyes, and being quick-witted about jokes divined that Frank had found out his previous occupation and meant to twit him with it. He stood a minute and pondered, for he was a little vexed; then he threw up his cap, caught it again, laughed to himself, and went up the steps on a run.

"Did you have a pleasant interview?" politely asked Frank.

"Not quite, my dear young friend," answered Jack. "My interviewer was disappointed; wanted to buy a calf, you see, and thought he'd heard one bleatin' in here. Had to explain 'twas only a musical youth; took him down some of course."

After that Frank teased him no more.

Not long after this Lewis Denning came to Jack's boarding-house one evening and found him in his "sky-parlor" yawning over a letter to his cousin Will.

"Well!" exclaimed Lewis, "you are up in the world, I declare. What a perch! You don't mean to say you stay here evenin's?"

"Haven't got anywhere else to stay," curtly answered Jack.

"You *are* green. Here's your chance to see life, somethin' worth seein' here in a big city, and you plop right down in a garret and write letters. I thought you'd got more spunk about you."

Boys, do you ever think what this stock phrase of "seeing life," used as Lewis Denning used it, means? It means see death; yes, the worst sort of death, the dying of the young soul to God and goodness. Jack did not know this; the words captivated him. He felt a thrill of curiosity. To be sure there was, there must be, many a curious and delightful thing he had no idea of to be seen and heard here.

"Where would you go?" he asked. "Frank wanted me to go to the opera, but I can't afford it, and if I could I shouldn't go, for I don't care a cent about music; not that kind, anyway."

"I believe you!" laughed Lewis. "The opera's a touch above us fellers. Frank's got a father behind him with money in his pockets; he boards to home and gets spendin' cash besides his salary. But there's lots of shows and gay little theaters where you can get gallery tickets real cheap, and lots of fun. Come along; I'll stand treat for once."

So Jack put on his cap and followed Lewis. Now, his mother had never said any thing to him about theater-going; she had an idea that forbidding any special thing was apt to enhance its value, and make it more of a temptation. She tried to bring her boy up in pure and wholesome principles, and trust him to discriminate between good and evil when both should be set before him. Perhaps she erred here. If she had talked to Jack about the theater and its tendencies in a quiet way, and showed him that it was not the right sort of amusement for a boy, he would not have gone with Lewis, for Manice's sake, and his mind would not have received

some impressions that tainted it for a time. But none of us are perfectly wise; all we can do—all you can do, anxious and troubled mother, is to give your absent child into God's keeping, fervently and with faith. Having done all you can to fortify your boy with clean and upright ideas, leave him to God and pray for him without ceasing.

What do they do, how do they live, who have no faith in prayer? How can they bear the separation that is more almost than death, because it is continuous suspense, from those who are the best and dearest portion of their lives?

O, thank God for the power of prayer. It is the life-line of heaven and bears us across the stormy waves of this world to the smiling shore; even from the wreck of every hope below, and the sinking dread of a dark and looming despair.

The place to which Lewis Denning guided Jack was one of those minor theaters where sensational dramas and ballets are the staple entertainment, and for a small price boys can find admission to gallery seats, always crowded to their utmost capacity. It did not seem altogether agreeable to our boy to be so crowded into a hard seat between a dirty newsvender and Lewis, in an air reeking with stale tobacco smoke, the poisoned breath of whiskey-drinkers, the rank smell of pea-nuts, and the cheap perfumery that was shaken from the handkerchiefs of tawdry women in the tier below; but the sparkling lights, the gay walls frescoed roughly in bright color, the painted curtain, all arrested his attention, and when that curtain rose his eyes were riveted on the stage. The drama was not in itself objectionable as to plot. There was a persecuted girl, a persistent villain, a lover who always appeared at the right crisis and rescued the maiden, a lovely being whose rags did not disguise her beauty—what she had—and a bereaved and howling mother who shrieked much and loudly about "me chyild! me dyarling chyild!" and had something much like a fit of epilepsy on discovering her in this often-rescued heroine.

It was more funny than tragic, even to Jack, and he was too far from the stage to hear the interpolated coarseness and vulgarity which set the roughs in the pit roaring every now and then. He was really quite amused by the spectacle, but when it was over, and the ballet of the after-piece came on, Jack sat stunned. His mother and his sisters were sweet, modest, delicate-minded women. What were these? He felt like creeping under the bench. Both shame and disgust filled his soul. Manice's training triumphed. He grasped his cap, elbowed his way past Lewis, and out of the gallery without stopping to explain, though Lewis grasped his arm and tried to detain him, but he pulled away and fled down the stairs and home to his garret. His brain reiterated the thought, "O *what* would mother say to those women!"

Lewis Denning came over next day as the bank closed, and walking home with Jack railed and laughed at him all the way; but Jack was not to be moved.

"Come again, you big fool!" said Lewis. "You're green, that's all. You'll get used to it."

"I don't want to get used to it!" said Jack, indignantly.

"Whe-ew; you're ruther stuck up, young feller! Why, every body goes to them places."

"No they don't. Do you think my mother or my sisters would go there?" and Jack faced him with blazing eyes.

"Well, p'r'aps not. 'Tisn't just the place for ladies, I'll allow."

"Then it's not the place for gentlemen, and I want to be a gentleman."

"Hul-lo, here's a crowin' bantam! Don't be a fool, Jack; you can't be so squeamish and see life in a city."

"If that's life I don't want to see it."

"O come now; get off your high horse, old feller; the' must be a first time for greenies. You won't mind it half so much next time, and I'll treat again jest for old times. Say you'll go to-night and see if it don't come more natural."

"No!" roared Jack.

Lewis retreated—for that time.

[*To be continued.*]

LACROSSE, THE NATIONAL GAME OF CANADA.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

In the matter of age, no field game in vogue upon this continent has so much whereof to boast as lacrosse, for it was played with tremendous energy and wonderful skill many years, and perhaps even centuries, before the foot of the first white man pressed American soil. The simple truth is that no one knows, or will ever be able to find out, just how old the game is, it being an Indian invention, and Indian traditions being about as reliable as fish stories and "special correspondence."

When Cartier came to Canada he found the Indians as enthusiastic over the game as the modern American is over base-ball, and it was one of his party who, noticing the resemblance the stick used bore to a bishop's crosier, gave it the name *la crosse*, which, united into one word, has denominated the game ever since.

There is a good deal of difference between the way the Choctaws, the Ojibways, the Iroquois, and the Algonquins of those old days played lacrosse and the way it is played now. For one thing the stick was very different, as will be seen by looking at

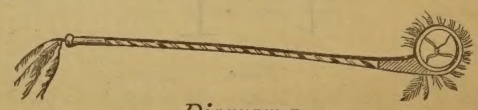


Diagram 1,

while the ball was made of stuffed deer-hide instead of rubber. Then there seemed to be no limit as to the number of players, Catlin stating that he saw it played by 600, 800, or even 1,000 at a time. The goals, too, were either a single pole, or two stakes twenty-five feet high and six feet apart, with a line across the top, and set from five hundred yards to half a mile distant from each other. Matches, instead of being decided by the best three games out of five, consisted of ten, twenty, or one hundred games, and often lasted two or three days; while the ground, instead of being smooth and level as a floor, was generally some forest glade or natural meadow with none of its pristine roughnesses removed. So that it is clear the game has gained a good deal since it came into the hands of the white men; and although a "pale-face" team would no doubt make a very poor show against a team of dusky braves in a game played in the "good old-fashioned way," any one of the leading Canadian clubs can put a twelve into the field to-day which can easily vanquish the very best of the Indian players under the modern rules.

And yet it is not much more than thirty years since lacrosse first came into vogue among the whites, and only twenty years have passed since the suggestion of Dr. W. G. Beers, of Montreal (whose delightful *brochure* has been of great assistance to me in the preparation of this article), that it be adopted as the national game of Canada, met with ready acceptance, and the same day which saw the creation of the Dominion of Canada saw also the adoption of lacrosse as the national game.

So much for the history of the game; now to try and give some idea of how it is played. The Indian lacrosse has been already referred to. The modern "stick" is quite a differ-

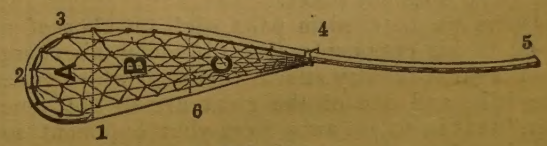


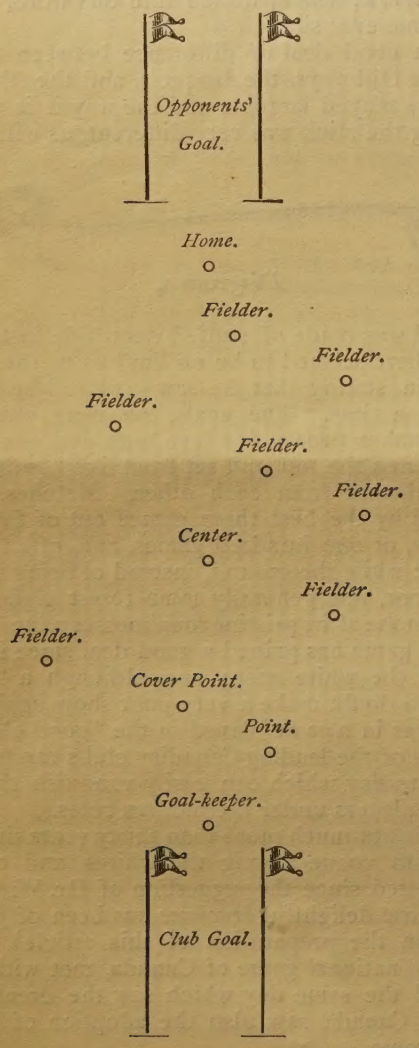
Diagram 2.

1. Tip.
2. Top.
3. Bend.
4. Collar or Peg.
5. Butt.
6. Leading string.

A. Head surface of netting.
B. Center surface of netting.
C. Lower angle.

ent affair. The handle is made of ash, hickory, rock-elm, or bass-wood, and the netting is of "cat-gut." The lacrosse must not exceed one foot in width at the widest part, but nine inches is found to be the most serviceable and convenient width. There is no restriction as to length, but the measurement most likely to suit all parties is from the toe close into the hollow under the arm. The ball is made of solid rubber, and must not be less than eight nor more than nine inches in circumference. It bounces very readily, which materially adds to the difficulty of controlling it, especially when the field is hard. The goals, which must be at least 125 yards apart, consist of two poles set upright in the ground, and surmounted with flags six feet in all in height, and six feet apart. These simple materials, with a good, smooth, level field, constitute the entire equipment necessary for a first-class game.

Twelve players compose one side, and they take their positions more or less as indicated in the diagram. The matter of position, however, except as regards goal-keeper, point, cover-point, and home, is not so rigidly adhered to as in cricket or base-ball, a good deal of liberty to roam being allowed provided the game does not suffer.



The players are matched in pairs, each member of a side having one of his opponents specially under his charge, although, of course, he may attack any other who happens to have the ball, and one of the great arts in the game is to "uncover," that is, to get away from your opponent so that he cannot interfere with your liberty of action. Every thing being ready the two "centers" kneel down opposite one another in mid-field, with their lacrosses placed side by side, and the referee lays the little rubber sphere between the sticks. This is called the "face." There is a moment of intense expectation. It is really a beautiful sight. From end to end of the long, level field stand the players in pairs of red and blue, with every nerve and muscle athrob, yet silent and still as statues. Alert and anxious the goal-keepers, sentinel-like, guard the gaping space between the poles, while half-way between them the two kneeling figures await the signal to begin. "Play," shouts the referee, and with that word there is a quick, fierce struggle between the "centers," and then, either red or blue gaining the advantage, the ball is caught up upon a lacrosse, and with a skillful throw sent sailing through the air toward one of the goals. Thenceforward there is not a moment's pause or peace until a game is won.

Up and down the field, now threatening the blue goal, and now the red, the rubber travels, speeding through the air like a bird, or bounding along the ground, every player having his chance at it—no room for "loafing" in this game—until at length some well-directed shot proves too much for the vigilant "goal-keeper," and with a triumphant shout of "Game!" the sticks are thrown into the air in token of victory.

Lacrosse, both from the players' and spectators' point of view, has many advantages over other field games. In the first place, it is so simple that any looker-on for the first time may understand it at once. There is nothing intricate or puzzling about it. The players are divided into two equal sides, certain men are posted in certain positions; there is a goal to defend and a goal to attack; the object of both sides is to put the ball through their opponents' goal, and to prevent him putting it through theirs; and all the running, throwing, catching, "tobying," and endless variety of brilliant and beautiful play has this single object in view.

Again, it is a cheap game, requiring such inexpensive material, and it is in no sense exclusive. Every player has his innings, so to speak, and no one can monopolize the fun, however good a player he may be. Good players cannot be kept down. They are bound to come to the surface. Then it affords so much exercise of the finest possible kind, bringing into play every muscle and sinew in the body, and a game can be played in so short a time. There is not a fine morning during the summer season when at six o'clock you cannot find a couple of hundred youths hard at work upon the Montreal and Toronto grounds. Finally, it is a very safe game. Accidents of a serious character, such as only too often cast a shadow over the cricket, base-ball, or foot-ball field, are unknown in lacrosse. Shins may be barked, noses bruised, hands scratched, and eyes blackened, but that is the worst of the damage, and many good players come out of fiercely-fought games altogether scathless.

In its combination of throwing, catching, running, and dodging, of individual play and of team play, of skill and strength, of dash and endurance, lacrosse stands alone and unrivaled, and in adopting it as their national game the Canadians have shown not only historical appropriateness, but the soundest of practical wisdom.

Throughout the Dominion of Canada lacrosse reigns supreme. Where cricket and base-ball can count their supporters by hundreds, lacrosse has its thousands. Five great clubs contend for the honor of the senior championship, half a score for the intermediate championship, and clubs innumerable for the provincial, district, and local championships.

Introduced into Great Britain by the enterprise of sending over there on two occasions Indian and white teams to contend with each other in the presence of John Bull, it has already taken firm hold, and there are a number of flourishing clubs. Uncle Sam too has caught the infection, and this very year teams from New York and St. Paul have toured through Canada, not winning all their games, it is true, but still showing that they were apt pupils and would give their Canadian cousins plenty of work erelong. So that altogether the prospects of lacrosse are quite as bright as its most ardent votaries could desire, and there seems slight possibility of the day ever coming when it will cease to be the national game of Canada.

NAMES.

THERE are many significant names in the list of Congressmen. We find among others a Sadler, a Cooper, a Turner, two Weavers and a Weber, a Fisher, a Glover, a Taylor, a Fuller, and a Sawyer. There is a Boyle, an Aiken and a Payne, a Merriman and a Bliss, a King and a Cole. Bragg is there of course from the great North-west. Oates and Rice represent agriculture. Green, Brown, and White lend color to the assemblage. One member is Wise. There is a Glass, two Stones, and a Hitt. Hires, Price, Steele, and Ketcham are there, also Wait and Morrow. Strait is a colleague of Wade and Ford. Cobb and Peel poorly represent fruits, and there is one Plumb. In connection with the above list the following may be interesting:

Various trades and professions, ancient and modern, will be well represented in the new English House of Commons. There are two Fowlers, two Gardners, two Smiths, two Websters (Scotch for weaver), a Fisher, a Hunter, a Cooke, a Clarke, a Sexton, a Beadel, a Chaplain, a Tanner, a Shepherd, a Potter, a Hozier, a Tyler, a Taylor, and a Barbour. The animal kingdom is represented by a Fox, a Finch, a Schwann, a Peacock, two Basses, two Frys, and a Hogg. The vegetable kingdom is represented by a Flower, a Heath, a Grove, a Moss, a Cotton, a Reed, a Caine, a Leake, and a Pyne. As to party colors, the Gladstonians have a Brown and a Grey; the Parnellites, too, have a Gray, but the Conservatives have a Gray also, as well as a White and three Greens, to say nothing of a Greenall.

"BLABBING."

THE caption of this item is not the slang expression for tale-bearing, but has reference to an interesting operation connected with the life of a herder on the plains. The appended description of the process of "blabbing" occurs in a highly readable letter to the "New York Evening Post:"

In rounding up we go over the range in search of cows with young calves and unweaned yearlings following them. This is a duty in the cattle business that must be attended to or these great yearlings will take so much of the cow's milk that the young calf is left hardly enough to sustain life until he can eat grass, so we "blab them." One cow-boy puts spurs to his horse, overtakes and throws his lariat about the yearling's head. Another one "heels him," that is, throws his lariat in such a way that both hind feet are caught in it. Then both horses are ridden in opposite directions, and the now thoroughly frightened and bellowing yearling is stretched out upon the grass in a twinkling. The horses, being trained for the business, turn about, face each other, and stand back with the front feet bracing, thus holding the animal as firmly as though in a vise. The riders dismount and proceed to put in the yearling's nose a "blab," of which a supply is always carried on the saddle. These blabs are made of a piece of board four by five inches, and are hung suspended from the nostrils by two points cut in the upper edge of the board. This allows the animal to feed while the head is down, but covers the mouth while the head is raised as in the act of suckling. Many laughable and ludicrous scenes present themselves at the close of this operation, as the cow-boy, or the new hand or "tenderfoot" loosens the head rope and proceeds to mount his horse. The yearling almost invariably springs to his feet and proceeds to fight the first animate object that meets his gaze, and many a cow-boy gets "cut off" from his horse and is obliged to take to a tree, or is run breathless and hatless round and round a clump of oak brush by the enraged yearling, while his more fortunate or well-posted companion sits in his saddle splitting his sides with laughter.

STUNG TO DEATH.

THE old saying about the collective force of "little drops of water and little grains of sand" is illustrated in the fatal effects which follow the combined attacks of animals or insects which individually are practically harmless. An English paper tells of a man who was set upon by a swarm of weasels and narrowly escaped the tragic fate of Bishop Otto in his mouse-tower on the Rhine. The "St. James Gazette" adds the following recital of a fatal case of bee-stinging:

Death from bee-stings is an unusual incident. At Ludlow, however, on Tuesday, Mr. John Adney, formerly mayor of that place, was stung so severely by a swarm of bees in his garden that he died almost immediately.

Perhaps the most formidable attack by bees on record, and one which attracted considerable attention at the time, occurred in Prussia on the same day of the month sixty-five years ago—namely, on the 20th of July, 1820. M. Eulert, a merchant, was traveling in a carriage with his wife from Wittenburg to Berlin, when on the high road between Kropstadt and Schmogelsdorf, a huge swarm of bees suddenly covered the carriage, horses, travelers, and coachman. In a few minutes the horses, overpowered by stings, lay down on the ground. The coachman while endeavoring to aid the horses lost his hat, his head became covered with a matted mass of bees, hair, and blood, and he fell down insensible. M. Eulert, whose mouth was filled with bees, rushed off for assistance. On returning to the spot with a woodman whom he met and some laborers, Mme. Eulert was found lying face downward on the ground, happily not much injured. The coachman was still insensible, and for forty-eight hours his case was precarious.

The bees being at last driven away by burning hay and straw, the suffering horses were examined and were discovered to be in a frightful condition. One died the same day from the effect of the stings it had received, and the other was taken to Schmogelsdorf and placed under the care of a veterinary surgeon, but succumbed to its injuries on the following day. There were at the time no fewer than 2,000 hives of bees in the commune of Schmogelsdorf, where not only regret but also no slight anxiety was caused by M. Eulert's adventure.

A GREAT MATHEMATICIAN.

POSSIBLY the funniest thing about the following item is that a newspaper which reported the incident in its editorial column gravely said that the judge asked the accused to solve $x+y=7$, a task over which some of our brightest readers might puzzle their heads in vain. The "Sun" says:

A messenger boy went into the City Hall station yesterday and told the sergeant that a policeman was wanted at Chambers and Center Streets. A policeman went there and found a man who paid the messenger boy twenty-five cents to go the errand.

"Well, what's wrong?" the policeman inquired.

"O, I just wanted to see what a policeman looked like," returned the man.

The policeman showed him what a policeman felt like by collaring him and setting him up before Justice Patrick Duffy at the Tombs. The prisoner was not altogether sober.

"What is your name?" asked the little judge.

"Duffy," said the victim, laconically.

"Got any other name?"

"J. Delancey Duffy."

"What is your occupation?"

Here the prisoner handed his card to the judge. It was inscribed, "J. Delancey Duffy, C.E., M.R.S."

"Civil engineer, member of the Royal Society," explained the prisoner.

"Do you understand trigonometry, algebra, etc.?"

"Yes."

The little judge scribbled on a scrap of paper and handed it over to the chief engineer.

"Try this one," he said:

$$x^2+y=7$$
$$y^2+x=11$$

J. Delancey Duffy ciphered on Patrick Gavan Duffy's problem, but after five minutes he hadn't made much progress. The little judge gave him two days, with free board, to devote to it.

TWO LIVES.

THE "Christian Guardian" gives in brief the story of two great lives. The lesson taught is needed at a time when the strife for wealth and distinction is so incessant:

A biography of the son of a small farmer who lived in the stormy times of Charles the First has just been published in England. John, on coming to man's estate, met a woman whom he heartily loved.

"We were not afraid to marry," he wrote, "though we had not so much property as a dish or spoon between us."

John was soon converted to his wife's religious belief, and was not afraid to preach it, though he was sent to prison for doing it.

"If I am set free to-day, I will preach the Gospel to-morrow," he told the judge. He kept his word, and was twice sent back to jail, where he remained for nearly thirteen years. There he worked day and night making shoe-laces to support his family, and writing the Gospel which he could not preach. The book which he wrote, "The Pilgrim's Progress," has been read all over the English-speaking world, and has been translated into eighty languages.

About the same time a German lad of seventeen, in a Moravian settlement in the wilderness of Pennsylvania, felt "called of God" to preach to the savages. A nobleman who was visiting the settlement was pleased by the boy, and offered to take him to Europe, give him a training as a skilled artificer, and establish him at Utrecht. An assured career and a fortune opened before him; the whole colony looked upon him as the luckiest of men. He consented, and sailed in the suite of Baron S——. As the ship passed down the Delaware, they saw the boy, pale and haggard, gazing at the shore.

"David," he was asked, "do you wish to return?"

"Yes."

"For what purpose?"

"To tell the Indians of God. That is my true work."

"Then, in his name, go back, even now."

He was sent ashore in a bateau, returned home, entered into the lodge of an Indian chief for two years, to learn their language and customs, and then gave up his life to preaching to them. No missionary has ever exercised a more powerful influence on the Indians than David Zeisberger. He founded forty Christian villages, and brought thousands of savages to Christianity and civilization

HOLBROOK LIBRARY PACIFIC SCHOOL

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

LUCETTE is pretty. That is to say, she has a pretty face, large, bright eyes, with long lashes, nose, mouth, chin well proportioned, a good complexion, soft brown hair inclining to curl and which slightest effort can turn into ringlets. She is of good size for a girl of eighteen, and has a firm figure. Every body says Lucette is pretty. Girls sometimes say of her, "She is perfectly lovely," which expression may mean something, although sometimes it means nothing. The impression she makes on every body is that of being a very, very pretty girl. Now it is often a misfortune to be a "pretty girl."

HUMAN nature is weak, and cannot be trusted with too many gifts. The rich man is in danger from the wealth he has, the man of genius from his mental endowments, the politician from the qualities which give him influence over his fellow-men. So beauty is a gift which may be a curse. It is pleasant to look at a pretty face, but the look may be one of admiration which tells the proud possessor of beauty how lovely she is, and that telling may kindle fires of vanity which put at once a false light into her eyes and send into the muscles of her face movements which spoil the lines of true beauty as they betray self-consciousness and pride within. Artlessness is soon lost. Naturalness is displaced by affectation, and instead of the charming woman we first saw and admired we are pained to find weakness, self-consciousness, and silliness.

THIS is the story of Lucette. She was pretty. She found it out. She never forgot it. Vanity was kindled, and now she is an embodiment of affectation and ridiculousness. She does not know, and she cannot be made to believe it, but she is a laughing-stock in every company—in coarse company that "snickers right out," and in refined company that "keeps a straight face" and afterward says softly to itself, "Alas, what a pity it is!" Lucette is a spoiled beauty. Age has not spoiled her, for she is still young. But the lines that self and vanity draw in a face are deeper, heavier, and more disagreeable than the wrinkles that the years place there. And what a melancholy spectacle she presents as she goes about in parlors and on the streets simpering and smiling, puckering, twisting, and distorting her lips into unnecessary and absurd shapes, like the face of a rubber doll, and all to the end that she may be attractive and beautiful! Poor, silly Lucette!

YOUNG "fellows" of society have helped to spoil Lucette. They have praised her until she thinks that what they have said is true about her beauty and her power in society. They have compared her with the professional beauties, and then have laughed in their sleeves at the greediness of her vanity in swallowing their nonsense. They have "drawn her out," and then in her absence made fun of her verdancy and colossal credulity. Now all this is as contemptible as it can be in the young fellows. No language is sufficient to express the unmanliness of such conduct. They see her weakness, and make capital of it. The poor child is deceived. She thinks herself a fine lady. She looks with self-complacency upon girls less favored, as she fancies, than herself, and gloats over the thought of the envy with which they regard her as she tosses that pretty head of hers, and puckers her lips, and winks her eyes, and goes through a score of antics and evolutions, at which the girls whom she pities laugh heartily when by themselves they canvass "the pretty simpleton" on the piazza or in the parlor. O for the power of self-knowledge! It would save Lucette from the humiliation from which she is yet to suffer.

ANOTHER element enters into Lucette's character which renders it still more pitiable. There may be an innocent sort of affectation where one has ideals of virtue, by which a girl is saved from the greater peril of self-conceit; but with Lucette this ideal is lacking. Strange to say she thinks that it is a nice thing to be a gay girl of the world. She corresponds to the young fellow who wants to be the fast young man. Lucette wants to be a fast young woman, without incurring the odium which belongs to positively wicked characters. She tells girls about the things she learned when she made her last visit to the city; about the young fellows she met—trophies won by her queenly beauty; about the places she went to, the remarks that were made to her, the bright answers she flung back. And then, with her hearty laugh, of which pearly teeth and flashing eyes make so large a part, she betrays to every observer of human nature the most stupendous vanity. She glories in her shame. The things that she says, if true, ought to bring the blush of shame upon her fair cheek. A "bad girl" in the worst sense she is not, but she is on the highway toward the basest life. She might protest indignantly against the prediction that the time is coming when she will be a forlorn outcast. Nothing is more certain. Such vanity and such standards cannot fail to yield their fruit.

ONE thing might save Lucette. If mother, brother, pastor, or intimate friend could set forth in bold colors the weakness, folly, and sin of her theory and conduct, she might be awakened and rescued. But this has been tried. She laughs a scornful laugh with her pretty lips and teeth, and seems to take pleasure in the "nonsense," as she calls it, which her counselors indulge in. She is proud to be a source of solicitude. People who are troubled about her show by that fact that they "don't know the world." They are "pious," and "fanatical," and "old-fogyish," and would better "go to prayer-meeting" instead of talking to her. And then her voice rings out in snatches of foolish songs, and she thinks to herself, "What a ravishingly charming creature I am!" Is she a fool? Let echo answer.

LUCETTE'S mother spoiled her by early over-praise and indulgence. The child was born with a pretty face and a strong will. The face was praised and the will pampered. She knew before she was five years old that she was pretty. Thus self-conscience has grown apace, and now she is the

Lucette of our pen—a sketch, by the way, from real life. Her will was not carefully schooled. She had her own way. She soon refused obedience. Pert answers from such a pretty face made mother laugh, and thus self-will grew side by side with self-consciousness, and now no remonstrance has any effect. She is a weak, vain, silly, opinionated, self-willed, spoiled beauty, on the way to ruin. Her associates make fun of her. Her seniors pity her. No living soul envies her. And the gate of darkness and degradation is opening for her. Who can help us to save Lucette? Let us try to prevent the raising up of such girls as Lucette.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for September 5, 1886. JESUS THE TRUE VINE.—John 15. 1–16. GOLDEN TEXT.—John 15. 5.

PREFATORY. Jesus is still in the upper chamber with his disciples, and he is also in that inner chamber of personal relation and experience. Sometimes young people who are fond of and have confidence in each other engage in frank conversation about life and its duties, difficulties, joys, and sorrows, which they could not discuss on the play-ground or in the presence of their companions. Sometimes parents talk to their children in private, as when mother in ill-health, about to leave for a more genial climate, knowing that she may never return, takes her children by themselves into her own room and earnestly talks with them about what may be, and about what she desires and expects from them in this contingency or that. It is in this way that Jesus brought his disciples by themselves to give them counsel, warning, and consolation. This lesson is a part of that sacred conversation.

INTERROGATORY. Find in the lesson the following terms or expressions, and explain them: "Husbandman," "purgeth it," "clean," "abide in," "ordained you." What three persons or classes of persons are named in verses 1 and 2? How is a child a branch of his parents? How is every Christian a branch of Christ? What is done with the branch that beareth not fruit? What with the fruit-bearing branch (verse 2)? How can the "word" make "clean?" Commit to memory verses 5 and 7. What counsel is given in verse 9? Quote the commandment Jesus gives (verse 12). What is the highest proof of love (verse 13)? What is the proof that we are true friends of Christ (verse 14)? What comparison does Jesus institute between friends and servants?

HOMILY. Have you seen a vine growing up out of the ground, clinging to the trellis and climbing by it to the highest possible holding-point? How luxuriantly it grows! See the branches closely connected with, indeed a part of, the vine! There are branches of the vine, and branches of branches, and branchlets of branches. The union is perfect. The sap that is in the vine flows upward and reaches out along the numerous channels provided by the woody structure. The branch is one with the vine. All that the vine has it gives to the branch. Sometimes the branches are so abundant, and the outgrowths from the branches themselves so numerous, that, to avoid the waste of sap-force, many of these small branches are cut off that the power of the sap may be concentrated on the fruit-bearing branches. Where all the power runs to wood and leaves, there is no power left for fruit. Therefore the good husbandman "purgeth," "cleanseth" the vine, making it more valuable by this conservation of fruit-producing life. The waste-fiber is cut off. So in this world. God deals with us as branches that need attention, that our energies may not all be expended in professions and natural feelings. God's word comes like a pruning knife to cut off useless thoughts, motives, habits, and to economize our power for good. A man may expend too much life-power in profession and in emotion. He needs to be trimmed, cleansed, purged, that he may put his power into conduct; that the sun from above may come down through the leaves to the branches and fruit-germs. This pruning is sometimes very hard to bear, as when the word of God says sharp and severe things to us, condemning us; as when God in his providence takes away objects of our love; as when our ambitions and purposes are defeated, and we are left where we can do nothing but look to God and serve him, and turn to our fellow-men and help them.

The pruning to take off superfluous growths and economize sap-energy and let in plenty of air and sunlight is not the only thing we need in order to bear fruit. The cleansed branch must abide in the vine. All of its life comes from the vine and from that close joint where they are made one. The invisible Jesus Christ is the vine. We must think much about him, talk much to him, read his word, live in his atmosphere, obey his commandments, engage in his service, surrender ourselves to his guidance, in order to be fruit-bearers. Jesus Christ is to us very much what the atmosphere of the earth is to us. Without the atmosphere, we could not breathe. Without the atmosphere, the sunlight could never warm us. We are dependent upon it for every thing. So, in this world, we must abide in Christ as our atmosphere. Through him God, who is light, shines upon us. Here are two figures—the branch abiding in the vine, the human life abiding in the atmosphere. In both relations are life. Away from either must come death.

Nothing is more natural than that if a man abides not in the vine he must be a withered branch cast into the fire. Whereas, abiding in Christ, he is one with Christ. And as a little child will ask for what it wants, and, where its necessities are thereby to be subserved, will receive from its mother the thing it asks, so will we, living in Christ, desire only what is best, and the best secure. Of course, living in this way we bear fruit in good words, good works, good living, good influence, and thus are the root, the vine, the husbandman, and the branches all glorified. It is by keeping the commandments of Christ that we thus bear fruit and honor his name from whom we receive power to do good, just as the branch receives its life from the vine.

This relation of branch and vine is an intimate relation. It is more than being servants. It is being friends. And it is more than being ordinary friends. It is being brother-friends. There is no friendship so beautiful as that of brothers, naturally related, who are in addition to the natural bonds brought into close personal affectionate friendship.

All this mysterious relation of the soul to God may be as hard to understand as is the relation of the branch to the vine, but there is no more real mystery in grace than there is in nature. May we all be branches of the vine!

PRAYER. O Thou who art the true Vine, and who hast made it possible for us to be living branches, we give our hearts to Thee that they may be made one with Thee, filled with Thy wisdom, and strengthened with Thy might, inspired by Thy Spirit, quickened by Thy life, and be made fruitful in all good works by Thy love. May this grace be given to us continually! Amen.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

ANOTHER strange thing has occurred in these days of surprises. A portrait has been taken on a tin tray by a flash of New Jersey lightning.

A FEW weeks ago a young lady was sitting in a room at Plainfield, N. J., during a violent thunder-storm. She noticed that a tray in an adjoining apartment was bathed in a dazzling light during the frequent flashes of lightning, and she entered the room to cover the rather startling piece of lacquered tin. As she approached the table on which it lay, an unusually blinding flash caused her to turn aside her head for a moment, after which she quickly covered the tray with a cloth and threw it on the floor.

NEXT morning when the tray is rescued from its obscure position, it is found to bear upon its surface a silhouette of the young lady. The polished surface of the lacquered tin is untouched save where a dull buff color perfectly outlines the profile.

HERE is a nut for electricians to crack. We shall no doubt soon hear elaborate theories as to how this bit of natural photography was done. Who knows but that we shall have electric galleries all over the country, and that tin-plate types and pint-cup cabinet photographs will be all the rage?

AND what a field it opens up to the writer of sensational literature! It will not be many weeks before we shall read something like this:

"The burglar stole with stealthy tread about the house, seizing in his greedy clutch jewels and silver and rich fabrics. In the kitchen he stopped to drink a draught of cool water from the tin dipper. A sudden flash of lightning startled him in the act, but with a low laugh he crept away, little dreaming that the bottom of the dipper would show his ugly features and lead to his immediate arrest," etc.

THERE is a new kind of bank in France. A lion-tamer keeps his money in the lion's cage. We notice a valuable hint in this method of making safe deposits. Keep the cashier locked up.

RIGHT in this financial line we would call attention to some significant words from Horace Greeley: "The darkest hour in the history of any young man is when he sits down to study how to get money without honestly earning it."

MANY facts concur to show that we must look deeper for our salvation than to steam, photographs, balloons, or astronomy. These tools have some questionable properties. They are re-agents. Machinery is aggressive. The weaver becomes a web, the machinist a machine. If you do not use the tools, they use you. All tools are in one sense edge-tools, and dangerous. A man builds a fine house; and now he has a master, and a task for life; he is to furnish, watch, show it, and keep it in repair the rest of his days.—*R. W. Emerson.*

WHAT if the days are dreary?
What if the desert glows
Beneath life's bitter sun-beat?
What if the wild wind blows
Out of the North-land stormy?
What if earth wears no smile?
A gate will open outward
In such a little while!—*E. L. Beers.*

THERE are people who would do great acts; but, because they wait for great opportunities, life passes, and the acts of love are not done at all.—*F. W. Robertson.*

SOME books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—*Bacon.*

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

We shall present in this column (running through three weeks or more) the article on "Wesley" taken from "Character Sketches," by Dr. Abel Stevens.

Wesley—Apostleship.

Robert Southey wrote our most entertaining, if not our most satisfactory, life of John Wesley. We are inclined to pronounce it the best of all his prose works, notwithstanding the classic rank usually awarded to his life of Nelson. Coleridge read it many times with ever-increasing interest, and annotated it, affirming that when, through illness or *ennui*, he could read nothing else, its romantic pages never failed to delight him. Southey's theory of the Great Methodistic Movement was fallacious, as he subsequently acknowledged. Wesley's followers have never liked his book; but no scholar among them, who is familiar with their history and literature, can fail to be astonished at the almost absolute thoroughness of his research, and the equal accuracy of his data. In a private letter to Wilberforce, Southey wrote: "I consider Wesley as the most influential mind of the last century—the man who will have produced the greatest effects centuries, or perhaps millenniums, hence, if the present race of men should continue so long"—and that was the century in which lived Frederick the Great, Washington, Napoleon, Newton, Goethe, Voltaire, and not a few other historical men.

On February 23, 1791, Wesley preached his last sermon; and it has been remarked that "on that day fell from his dying grasp a trumpet of the truth which had sounded the everlasting Gospel oftener and more effectually than that of any other man for sixteen hundred years." The Reformers of Germany, Switzerland, France, and England wrought their great work more by the pen than by the voice. It has been admitted that Whitefield preached more eloquently, with few exceptions to larger assemblies, and traveled more extensively (though not more miles) than Wesley, within the same limits of time; but Wesley survived him more than twenty years, and his power has been more productive and more permanent. Whitefield preached eighteen thousand sermons—more than ten a week for his thirty-four years of ministerial life. Wesley preached forty-two thousand four hundred after his return from Georgia—more than fifteen a week. His public life, ending on February 23, 1791, stands out in the history of the world unquestionably pre-eminent in religious labors above that of any other man since the apostolic age.

In reading the history of such a man we linger over the record with eager questions—What is the explanation of this anomalous life? How did he achieve his incomparable labors? What were the distinctive attributes of his character. Whence was his power?

Contemplated in almost any one of its phases, the life of Wesley appears unusual, if not great; but considered as a whole, its symmetrical completeness is almost a peculiarity in the history of distinguished men; for how seldom do we find, in the biographies of such men, that any great life-plan has been conclusively achieved—achieved in such manner as to complete their own anticipations, and not to leave to the precarious agency of their successors the task of fulfilling their designs, or of repairing their failures? Wesley not only saw the initiation of the Methodistic movement, but conducted it through the successive and critical gradations of its development, and lived to see it at last an organic, a settled and permanent system, in the Old World and in the New, with a thoroughly organized ministry, a well-defined and well-defended theology, the richest psalmody then known to English Protestantism, a considerable literature, not of the highest order, but therefore the better adapted to his numerous people, and a scheme of ecclesiastical discipline which time has proved to be the most effective known beyond the limits of the papal Church. By his episcopal organization of his American societies, and the legal settlement of his English Conference, he saw his great plan in a sense completed; it could be committed to the contingencies of the future, to work out its appointed functions; and, after those two great events, he was permitted to live long enough to control any incidental disturbances that might attend their first operations, and to pass through a healthful, serene conclusion of his long life—a life which the philosopher must pronounce singularly successful and fortunate, the Christian singularly providential. He not only outlived all the various uncertainties of his great work; he outlived the prolonged and fierce hostilities which had assailed it; the suspicions and slanders which had been rife against himself personally; and died at last universally venerated, without pain, without disease, in his bed at his own home, at the head-quarters of his successful cause, and with the prayers and benedictions of the second and third generations of his people.

And this life, so fortunate in its rare completeness, was still more remarkable for its manifold aspects. Wesley seemed to be conducting at once the usual lives of three or four men, if indeed the word usual can be applied to any one department of his life. In either his literary labors or his travels, his functions as an ecclesiastical legislator and administrator, or his labors as an evangelist or preacher, he has seldom been surpassed; and an historian of Methodism hardly makes a questionable assertion when he affirms that a man of more extraordinary character probably never lived upon this earth; that his travels, his studies, or his ministerial labors were each more than sufficient for any ordinary man; that few men could have endured to travel so much as he did, without either reading, writing, or preaching; that few could have endured to preach as often as he did, supposing they had neither traveled nor written books; and that very few men could have written and published so many books as he did, though they had always avoided both preaching and traveling.

He possessed in an eminent degree one trait of a master mind—the power of comprehending and managing at once the outlines and the details of plans. It is this power that forms the philosophical genius in science; it is essential to the successful commander and the great statesman. It is illustrated in the whole economical system of Methodism—a system which, while it fixes itself to the smallest locality with the utmost tenacity, is sufficiently general in its provisions to reach the ends of the world, and still maintain its unity of spirit and discipline.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

Money.

We have seen that any commodity in order to satisfactorily perform the functions of money should be:

1st. Subject to slight variations in value.

2d. Should contain great value in a small bulk.

Gold and silver answering best to these requirements have been almost universally adopted as money. Gold, as it varies slightly and contains great value in little bulk, is preferable to silver, which suffers more marked fluctuations, and is considerably more bulky. Let us go back to our definition of money:

Money *is any exchangeable commodity set aside by general consent to serve as a medium of exchange.*

Gold and silver are exchangeable commodities. They are used in manufactures, and are not peculiarly *money* except by virtue of "general consent."

What is a Dollar?

A dollar is often defined as one hundred cents, and a cent as one one-hundredth of a dollar—a method of definition about as satisfactory as a dog's pursuit of his own tail. In exact terms one dollar, according to act of Congress, equals 25.8 grains of gold $\frac{9}{10}$ fine, that is, $\frac{9}{10}$ pure gold and $\frac{1}{10}$ alloy. This is the standard dollar of the United States.

Now what is a silver dollar? The value of the silver dollar varies with the value of silver. When the dollar is first coined, enough silver at its value then is put in to make it equal to the gold standard, but as silver changes its value much more rapidly than gold, the silver dollar either exceeds the gold in value after a year or two, or, more probably, falls far below it. Thus the "Bland dollar," as it is called after the man who helped secure its coinage, is worth in reality only 70 or 80 cents, although it is circulated for full value.

Who Coins Money?

Coining money is simply the process of assaying and weighing bullion, putting it in shape, and stamping it with its proper value.

In the early times in England and elsewhere, different men were given the privilege of coining money, but now the several governments have taken the coinage of money into their own hands.

If a man takes gold bullion to a government mint, it will be assayed to see if it is $\frac{9}{10}$ pure, then stamped into coin weighing either 25.8 grains or some multiple of that weight, and bearing on its face the certificate of the government to its being exactly what it purports to be. The mint takes a certain small commission for doing this work in order to defray expenses, but the government does not try to make a revenue from this almost perfect form of monopoly.

Why Does a Coin have the Form it Does?

People early conceived the idea of making a little out of each coin as it passed through their hands. This small tribute, obtained either by "clipping" from the edge or boring through the center, in time amounted to a large sum, and the coin still went on its rounds an impostor—claiming to be what it was not.

The present form of the coin is the result of an attempt to frustrate all these devices of dishonest men. It was made round because any imperfection in the circle of the coin would be noticed. Then people shaved it carefully all around the edge. Then the edge was "milled," that is, roughened so as to show any cuts. Then the "clippers" cut from the surface, and a raised ring was put around the edge until now our coins are very well protected. The twenty-cent silver piece is the only one without a "milled" edge, but there are so few pieces in circulation that no great revenue can be derived from them.

The subject of money is an interesting one, and we advise our readers to investigate it further than we have space or time to go.

Latitude and Longitude at Sea.

In accordance with a promise in *Recreation* a short time ago we shall give some simple rules for finding latitude and longitude. It is impossible to explain in all details the methods by which these are found, as that would involve a good deal more astronomy than we are likely to know as yet, but a few principles will not be out of place.

Latitude is distance north or south of the earth's equator. The equator is divided into 360 parts, called degrees.

Longitude is distance east or west of a certain meridian, that is, a line drawn from pole to pole at right angles to the equator, also divided into degrees. Latitude is north or south. Longitude is east or west.

At sea latitude is taken from the sun by an instrument called the sextant. This sextant enables the captain to tell how many degrees the sun is above the horizon at noon, that is, when the sun reaches the high-

est point of its daily course. Suppose the sun is 60 degs. high. Now the captain looks in his almanac and finds that for that day the sun is one deg. south of the heavenly equator (which is our equator extended till it meets the sky). Since the "declination," as it is called, is south, he *adds* it to the 60 degs., and then subtracts the whole from 90 degs., and this will give the latitude of the place. Thus: Height of sun + south declination (or — north declination) subtracted from 90 degs. = latitude of place.

Longitude is reckoned by means of a chronometer set by the time of the meridian taken as a standard. Greenwich, Eng., is usually the meridian of reference. The earth in revolving turns 360 degs. toward the sun in 24 hours, or 15 degs. an hour. Suppose Greenwich is just under the sun at 12 noon. As the earth turns from west to east a point 15 degs. west will not be under the sun for an hour. So if a captain finds that it is noon where he is an hour late by his Greenwich time, he knows that he is 15 degs. west longitude from Greenwich; two hours, 30 degs., and so on. If, on the other hand, he is an hour ahead of Greenwich time, he is 15 degs. east of Greenwich, and so on, one hour difference in time indicating 15 degs. in distance.

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

Quoits.

There is an old game which is none the worse for its age, and which may have escaped the notice of some of the rising generation. This is the game of quoits; or, as boys persist in calling it, "quates."

In the rural district it is often played with four old horseshoes and a couple of iron pegs. Circular quoits of iron, and weighing anywhere from two to five pounds each, may be purchased at almost any hardware store, and they will furnish good exercise and amusement. They are not fragile toys, liable to breakage, which so often befalls the apparatus of other games. Quoits will last as long as the boys.

The game is played as follows, usually by four players: Two iron pegs are driven firmly into the ground at a distance of thirty-five feet from each other. Two or four may engage in the contest. Two sides are formed, and at each of the pegs one from each side takes his stand, thus bringing two enemies at each peg. It makes no difference at which end the play is begun. Those who will open the game take two quoits each, and toe a line drawn at right angles to the line of the pegs, and even with the pegs. Then they throw alternately toward the opposite peg. The quoits are either numbered or lettered, so that there is no trouble in distinguishing them.

Suppose that the players at one end are "A" and "B." "A" throws his quoit close up to the opposite peg. "B" follows with his quoit which slides up close to the first. "A" throws his second some distance beyond the peg, and "B's" second falls short. Under this circumstance, "A" has gained one point and he is credited with that on the score. His other cannot count, however, since "B" is one nearer. Then "C" and "D" at the other peg throw back in the same way. If a quoit falls in such a position as to rest with one edge on the peg, and the other on the ground, it is called a "hubber," and counts three. If it encircles the peg, it is known as a "ringer," and counts five. The side which reaches twenty-one soonest wins.

The exercise to be derived from this game is excellent. It strengthens the muscles of the arm, the hand, and the shoulder. The exertion may be increased by putting the pegs forty or even fifty feet apart. The quoit should be thrown so that the sharp edge inclines toward the ground. When it strikes it will not slide on, but stop almost in the position in which it reaches the earth. After considerable practice great accuracy may be secured, and it is very often the case that four quoits are crowded close up around the peg.

This game deserves a place in boys' hearts along with the other well-known diversion of "Duck on the rock," and it should not be neglected for more modern sports. We have given this description, familiar no doubt to many, largely with the hope that it may incite those who have neglected this good old sport to take it up again.

Lake Wawayanda, N. J.
July 21, 1886.

Twenty-four boys connected with the Young Men's Christian Associations of New York city, Brooklyn, Newburg, Warwick, and Middletown, N. Y., have been spending the past two weeks here with Mr. Dudley, of the State Committee, and Secretaries Sandford, Peck, Marshall, Havens, and Patterson. The time has been occupied by contests in athletic sports—running, swimming, rowing, and base-ball, and badges have been awarded to the winners.

Some time has been given each day to Scripture study, and a short, but very pleasant, devotional meeting has closed each day. One day we visited the iron mills in a neighboring township, walking about fifteen miles. The health of all has been excellent, and every moment has been full of enjoyment. Six of the fourteen nights have been rainy, but our tents have been dry, and not even a cold has resulted. A complete diary will be published in "Our Critic" (Box 2,849, New York city), and the leader will be glad to give any information about outfit, etc., to the readers of Our Youth upon application.

OUR GIRLS.

[*Contributions appropriate for this department, descriptions of fancy work, candy making, games, etc., are solicited from our readers.*]

SOAP-BUBBLE PARTIES.

BY ERVANA BOWEN.

A question which is puzzling many of our girls is, "How can I, opposed to all worldly amusements, entertain an evening company of young friends who are in the habit of dancing and playing cards?" I want to tell you of one way: a way that was pronounced "charming" by just such a set of young people—have a soap-bubble party.

The soap-bubbles of childhood, blown in the kitchen sink or the back steps, may be "beautified" and "dressed up" until they are fit occupants for the parlor.

How to do it.

Decide on the number of guests, which should be even, and, if possible, the sexes equally divided. Take a corresponding number of clay pipes, a little tube paint and bronze. It requires no painting lessons to be able to prettily decorate the pipes with bands of blue and gold, olive and pink, and various artistic combinations. To each pipe attach a visiting card by a bit of narrow fancy ribbon. On the back of each card place *one* figure, beginning with 1 and going as high as there are to be *couples* in the company; thus, two cards with the figure 1, two with the figure 2, two with 3, etc. On the face of each card in an upper corner sketch a little pipe with a few bubbles floating from it. Across the card write or print in colored inks thoughts in poetry or prose appropriate to soap-bubbles, as:

Xanthippe, the shrew, as all well know,
Gave Socrates oft a steady *blow;*
Hadn't you better treat *bubbles* so?

In a bubble, a rainbow is
Prisoner there.
In each life is hidden a
Promise as fair
As that symbol.

A moment, and gone is
The bubble so thin,
But our lives will still hold
All this beauty within,
Through eternity.

Have an equal number of button-hole bouquets, two alike. Let the boys and girls choose for their flowers and pipes separately, then each boy will find his partner in the girl who wears a flower corresponding to his own. The cards should be pinned to the dress or coat, and the size of each bubble marked on the back. Each couple has three trials, the numbers on the back of the cards telling in what order the couple should come. There should be two judges with tape measures to take as near as possible the size of the bubbles blown. Have simple prizes for the largest and smallest bubbles.

The suds should be made of 1-4 oz. castile soap and 5 oz. glycerine in 3-4 of a pt. of water, and placed in a handsome punch or wash bowl. A drop of bluing in the water gives an exquisite coloring to the bubbles.

These arrangements may be greatly simplified and still have soap-bubbles the brightest and purest bit of fun that ever vanished in air.

A Valuable Hint.

Print your name and address in good legible letters, and with good black ink, on the inside of your purse, of your waterproof, of your overshoes, etc., and this will be more likely to insure their return to you if lost, than even an advertisement in the paper, which may not be seen by the person finding them, or if it is seen, is a less direct appeal to a person of not very strong principle than the full name and address confronting him every time he opens the pocket-book, or—if they fit him—puts on the overshoes. The name written on an article is much better than to have it written on a piece of linen and sewed on, since that is so easily removed. Your purse may be lost in a large city, and the finder, even if he be honest, not know in which of the papers to look for notice of its loss, while if it contained your address he could simply drop you a postal telling you he had found it.—*The Home Weekly.*

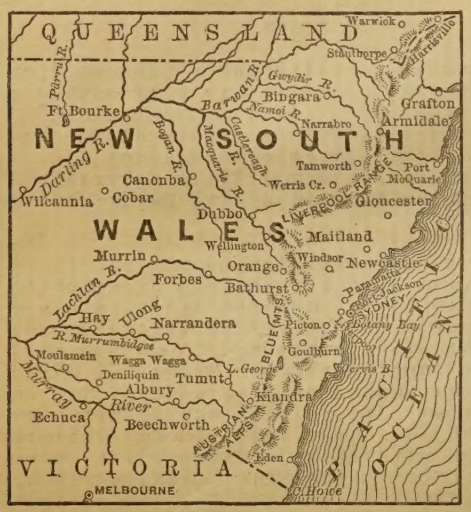
Four Good Rules.

An eminent physician gave four rules for the preservation of health. When he died, his books were sold; one, which was said to contain very valuable precepts of health, but which the bidders were not permitted to open, sold at a high price. When the purchaser got it home, he hastily proceeded to examine it, and was much disappointed at finding that it contained nothing more than four simple rules. He thought he had thrown his money away. But on further consideration he was induced to put the rules in practice; by doing so he was restored to a state of health to which he had long been a stranger. He often spoke of the old physician's book as the cheapest and most valuable purchase he ever made in his life. The rules were these: *Keep the head cool; Keep the feet warm; Take a light supper; Rise early.*

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

New South Wales.

(Area, 309,175 sq. miles; population, 869,310; Colonial Governor, Lord Loftus.)



NEW SOUTH WALES is the oldest of the Australian colonies. The famous explorer Captain Cook landed at Botany Bay in 1770 and gave the country its present name. Sydney, now the colonial capital and the second city of Australia, was founded in 1788. Certain classes of criminals in Great Britain were sentenced to transportation to this settlement at Botany Bay, and after serving out their time received grants of land and became citizens. More than 60,000 convicts were sent to the colony before transportation was abandoned in 1840. The discovery of gold in 1851 brought in a great tide of immigration. Physically the colony consists of a fertile coast region and a dividing range of high and rugged mountains, westward of which lie the elevated plains which furnish pasturage for millions of sheep and horned cattle. The climate, which is almost tropical in the northern districts, is temperate and delightful in the south and upon the highlands. The rich mineral deposits include gold, tin, copper, and coal. Agriculture flourishes, but wool-growing is the chief industry, and wool is the staple article of export. The chief towns are Sydney, Bathurst, Paramatta, Goulburn, Maitland, Newcastle, and Grafton. New South Wales has an efficient telegraph and postal service, and has about 2,000 miles of railroads, which are state property. The colonial constitution was granted by the British Parliament in 1855. It provides for a governor appointed by the crown, and a twofold legislative body, of which the councilors are crown-appointed and the assemblymen are elected by popular vote. A slight military and naval force is maintained, but the imperial navy constitutes the main dependence of the colony in case of war. The state controls education and supports a liberal system of free schools. In 1883 there were 190,000 scholars in the various schools. Higher education is to be obtained at four colleges and at the University of Sydney. There is no established Church. A majority of the colonists are Protestants of various denominations.

The Nationalist Convention.

THE proceedings of the convention of the American Branch of the Irish National League, whose sessions began at Chicago August 18, deserve the attention which they receive, both here and in Great Britain.

The National League is the organization through which the Irish in Ireland resist the payment of rent, and conduct the agitation for Home Rule. The American Branch of the League represents the sentiment of the Irish-Americans, whose moral and financial support has given a stability to the present Irish Nationalist movement which none of its predecessors has enjoyed. The American contributions of money and expressions of sympathy have given unprecedented force to the demands which Mr. Parnell makes of the British people. The American side of the agitation has its disadvantages to the cause. Englishmen naturally dislike the part taken by foreigners in their political contests. The most influential of the British newspapers saw this point, and in the recent parliamentary elections made the most of it, holding up to conservative people the sometimes injudicious utterances of American editors and speakers, and parading the contributions of money which were made in American cities to assist a cause which was to many patriotic Englishmen the destruction of the British Empire.

It is therefore clear that the action of the Chicago convention will be viewed abroad with jealous eyes. If it is unguarded in its declarations, and if it is controlled in its elections and resolutions by the radical party whose aim is the ultimate independence of Ireland, "peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary," the effect upon the cause will be one thing, but if the moderate policy of Mr. Parnell is indorsed and upheld the result will be very different. The Nationalist leader has realized this fact, and has sent several of his most trusted lieutenants to bear his message to the League.

The Boston Defalcation.

THE history of the great manufacturing interests of New England abounds in instructive incidents of confidence misplaced and betrayed by responsible officials. The mills at Lowell, Lawrence, Fall River, and other cotton-spinning and weaving centers have suffered repeatedly from the faithlessness of trusted servants. The mills are operated not by private firms, but by incorporated stock companies. And the interests of the numerous stockholders are placed in the hands of a board of directors. These men, though part owners in the concern, are at the same time persons whose private business occupies most of their time and attention. The finances of the corporation are directly under the control of a treasurer—a high salaried official whose accounts are nominally under the eye of an auditing committee of the directing board. The inefficiency of this committee has been proved again and again.

The latest instance is more than usually startling. William Gray, Jr., was until Saturday, August 14, the treasurer of two New England cotton manufacturing corporations—the Atlantic and Indian Orchard—having their offices in Boston. He was the grandson of one of Boston's most honored and successful business men, and he had succeeded his father in the treasurership. Few men in Boston lived in more elegant style. His house, gardens, and stables were maintained at great expense, and he owned the finest cutter-yacht in the bay, besides two smaller yachts for his sons. He was educated, polished, and popular—a favorite at his home and in the most exclusive of the city's social clubs. Neither his own salary nor the fortune of his wife sufficed to support his expensive establishment, and the first suspicion was aroused as to his honesty. The directors of the mills began to look more closely into the accounts, and were startled to find that their treasurer had been applying their funds to his private uses. They informed him of their discovery, and he resigned his position, asking and receiving a few days' respite in which to prepare a statement of his financial condition. The next day he took a sail on his yacht with friends, apparently as free from care as the most innocent of his guests. He was not seen alive after his return, and on Wednesday, August 18, his dead body was found in the woods a few miles from Boston. He had committed suicide.

The directors are silent as to the amount of the defalcation or the way in which it was practiced and concealed. But it has been ascertained that not less than $1,000,000 will be needed to cover the loss. The treasurer had tried to make up his deficiencies by stock speculations, but the result had been disastrous. The business community is thoroughly stirred up by these disclosures. When such a man proves faithless people wonder who is worthy of confidence. And the directors come in for a share of blame for allowing the interests of the corporation to be injured because its treasurer was left too much to himself. The lessons of the sad affair are numerous and pointed.

Conviction of the Anarchists.

EVER since the 5th day of May a trial of great importance has been in progress in the city of Chicago. The outcome of this trial was looked for with interest, as it would indicate to a large degree the attitude which the courts were to take toward a class of men who seem resolved to destroy, if possible, our social system.

Eight prisoners have been on trial for the murder of six policemen on the streets of Chicago, while the officers were trying to scatter a disorderly and seditious mob.

At ten o'clock on the morning of August 20 the jury appeared and rendered the following verdict:

We, the jury, find the defendants, August Spies, Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, and Louis Lingg, guilty of murder in manner and form as charged in the indictment, and fix the penalty at death. We find the defendant, Oscar W. Neebe, guilty of murder in manner and form as charged in the indictment, and fix the penalty at imprisonment for fifteen years.

Capital punishment is at best most severe, and the many people who oppose it have good grounds for their position. If "imprisonment for life" were not usually a synonym for delayed freedom the death penalty might often be avoided. However, the case of these wretches, who are trying to undermine society, demands the utmost rigor and severity. Leniency now would only bring about greater disorder, and the sentiment of the best papers in the country supports the decision of the Chicago jury.

It is most fortunate that the make-up of this jury defies complaint on the part of the convicted. Ten out of the twelve men are by the anarchists' own definition members of the oppressed class—the receivers of wages.

At present writing it seems improbable that a new trial will be granted, and it is safe to say that the murderers and revolutionists will meet death upon the scaffold.

A Brief Survey.

GEN. SEDGWICK, of the State Department, has gone to Mexico to investigate the legal aspects of the Cutting case and report to Secretary Bayard.——The parliamentary delegates to the convention of the Irish National League at Chicago, arrived in New York August 16.——Recent Alaska news states that the miners of the island districts have expelled the Chinese laborers.——Mayor Grace, of New York, has removed Commissioner Squire from office. The governor must approve this order before it is valid. ——The new extradition treaty between the United States and Great Britain was not acted upon by the Senate, and must remain unconsidered until the next congressional session. An extradition treaty with Japan has been signed covering many more offenses than that with Great Britain.

Rioting was resumed at Belfast August 15, but the results were not serious.——The national socialist demonstration at Brussels took place August 15, and passed off peaceably. Twenty thousand workmen took part in the procession. The apprehended outbreak did not occur. —Petroleum has been discovered at Ferrand in the French province of Auvergne. This is the first petroleum discovery in France. ——More than 6,000 Roman Catholic pilgrims visited the shrine of "Our Lady of Knock," Sunday, August 15. Several miraculous cures are reported to have occurred on that day.——The pope has published a decree restoring to the Jesuit order all its original privileges, which have been curtailed by some of his predecessors.

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WHAT OUR READERS SAY OF US.

March 2, 1886.

I take the liberty of expressing my enjoyment and appreciation of your new paper OUR YOUTH. My boy of fourteen, for whom I have tried one after another of the popular papers, declares of OUR YOUTH that it is a "dandy," and "takes the cake," from which I infer that *he* enjoys and appreciates it also.

So bright, readable, clean, and Christian a paper is a blessing to the house. If I were a Methodist Episcopal preacher I should hardly rest till I had ordained and accomplished its entrance into all the homes of the [parish] *charge*.

I want to congratulate you and the Church you serve on the Oxford League, which seems to me by far the wisest and most useful of all the varied organizations you have fathered. I hope your Church will prove ripe for it, for if its object could be reached and Methodism made at once catholic and at the same time intelligently and devoutly loyal to itself, the gain in power would be something wonderful.

I talk the Oxford League to all my Methodist Episcopal friends, and mean to provoke them to one in this place if I can. Very truly yours,

GEO. R. MERRILL.

WESTFIELD, MASS., *April* 29, 1886.

I like our new Church paper very much, and write this letter to tell you so. There are no very young people in our family, the extremes of age being twenty-six and seventy, but we are all pleased and profited by the little paper that drops in upon us every week. I am anxious that it should be in more of our homes. Our grammar and high school boys and girls would find much material in it serviceable at once in their pursuit of knowledge and strength.

SARA M. KNEIL.

GEORGETOWN, COL., *June* 5, 1886.

I am highly delighted with it, and I think it a most excellent paper for our young people.

EDITH HARRINGTON.

BRIDGTON, ME., *April* 16, 1886.

A hardware dealer here subscribed for his daughter. He tells me he shall send for copies of all the back numbers ever printed for his own benefit. He is a great reader, has the largest library in town, and considers OUR YOUTH a very valuable paper.

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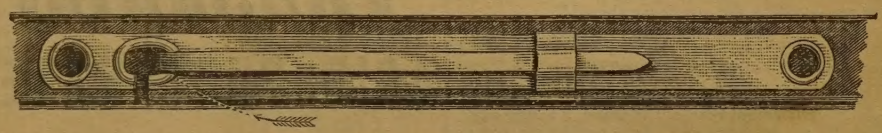

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—China and Japan buy our dried apples freely. Thus does American industry help to swell the population of the Orient.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Ma, can I go over to Sallie's house and play a little while?" asks four-year-old Mamie.
"Yes, dear; I do not care if you do."
"Thank you, ma," was the reply, "I have been."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—An exchange says: "Ice two inches thick will support a man." We have noticed this, and if he is president of the company it will not only support him and his family, but he will grow rich on it.—*Ex.*

—Books are bound in calf, book agents in elephant.—*Puck.*

—If the Waterbury Watch Company should fail, they would have an awful time winding up their business.—*Puck.*

—It is now estimated that an Alpine glacier moves at the rate of four inches a year. Somebody ought to get up an international race between a glacier and a district messenger boy.—*Washington Hatchet.*

—Help Wanted.—Drowning Man—"Help! help! what do you mean by sitting there and letting me drown, man?"
Newspaper Proprietor—"You should have advertised, my friend. You could get all the help you want through the newspapers."—*Tidbits.*

—"Yes," said a Kentuckian who had been in the far West, "Indians are powerful fond of whisky. Let 'em once get the taste of whisky an' they'll give up every thing for it. An old chief out in western Dakota offered me a pony, saddle, bridle, blanket, and I don't know what else for a pint of whisky I had with me."
"And you wouldn't give it to him?"
"Not much. That was the last pint I had left. But it shows how fond Indians are of whisky."

—"I called on Miss Snobson, last night," said young Slims, lispingly, "and when I went in she frowned and said, 'You here again?' Then she yawned all the evening, and looked at the clock, and when I went away she didn't shake hands or ask me to come again. Now, if she does that many more times I'll stop going there."—*Life.*

—Mistress (to applicant for cook)—"What experience have you had as cook?"
Applicant—"I was siven years in me lasht place, mum."
Mistress—"Why did you leave there?"
Applicant—"The masther and mistress both died, mum."
Mistress—"What did they die of?"
Applicant—"Indigestion, mum."—*Ex.*

—An advertisement reads: "Wanted, a young man to be partly out of doors and partly behind the counter," and the Cleveland "Leader" asks, "What will be the result when the door slams?"—*Texas Siftings.*

—A little girl who can only have a birthday anniversary once in four years came to her mamma the other day with an apple which had burst and then split crosswise, saying, "O mamma! did you ever see a laughing apple with its lips split open?"

—A Congressional committee has discovered that we have in the navy enough pea-jackets to last fifty-eight years. This important discovery ought to dissipate all fears of a war with a foreign power. No foe will dare attack a country that is protected by a navy provided with enough pea-jackets to last fifty-eight years. It would be suicidal. Nevertheless, it wouldn't be a bad idea to have a couple of war vessels in the navy to re-enforce the pea-jackets in case the latter showed signs of weakening in the face of the enemy.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Citizen (to stranger)—"Are you blind, my friend?"
Stranger—"Only partially so, sir."
Citizen—"It is a great affliction to be even partially blind."
Stranger—"It is, sir, but fortunately it does not interfere with my business."
Citizen—"What business are you in?"
Stranger—"I'm a proof-reader on a country paper."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A cryer in a Massachusetts town whose duty it was to announce auctions, lectures, etc., was needed one day, and those who went to find him were greeted by the following rather equivocal sign nailed upon his door: "No crying for three weeks on account of the death of wife."

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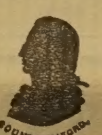

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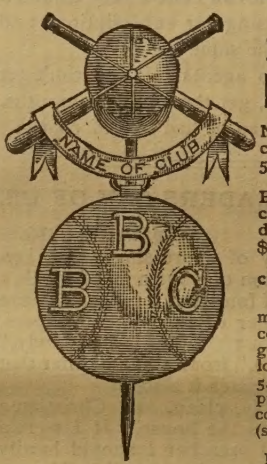

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